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A

VISIT

FROM THE

SHADE

[Price 2 s. 6.]

A

VISIT

FROM THE

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A VISIT FROM THE SHADE

OR

EARL CHATHAM'S ADI

TO HIS FRIEND,

LORD CAMBDEN.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN EPITAPHIAL INSCRIPTION

TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATH

AND

A propoſed Sketch of a MONUMENT ſuitable thereto.

By HENRY LUCAS, Eſq. of the MIDDLE TEM
Author of the TEARS OF ALNWICK, &c. &c.

O Cambden, ſave my Country! EARL CHATHAM.

Verſibus impariter junctis Elegia. HORACE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

LORD CAMBDEN

My LORD,

WHILE a PERCY lives, the avowed ſupport a
reſtorer of drooping Patronage; and while
CAMBDEN honors the virtuous efforts of Genius wi
his favorable reception; may calumny and ſcand
never taint my muſe! The eſteem of one ſuch ch
racter is to me tenfold reward.

While others then batten on the ſpoils of defamatio
and labour to expoſe the darkeſt ſhades of the hum
picture; be it my ambition to commemorate, far
my abilities extend, the known virtues of the gr
and good, for public imitation; ſuch is the true uſe,

DEDICATION.

erfection of poetry; how far practiſed, or reſpected
t this day, needs no comment.

If Horace's doctrine,

Nonum prematur in annum,

Pope's reviſion of four years, was admiſſible in oc-
ſional works of this nature, they could never ſee the
ght: to your judgment this will apologize for inac-
racies; it alſo leads me to hope, that, however inade-
uate this performance to the acknowledged merit of
e deceaſed, the boaſt of every tongue; however, my
ord, your ſublimer thoughts may pity the execution,
e deſign, I truſt, will meet your indulgence, if not
ur approbation.

On theſe premiſes, my Lord, I have taken the liberty
uſe your name, in this ſecond offering at the ſhrine
the public. Your known friendſhip for the deceaſed,
ur ſimilarity of ſentiment, your united labours for

the

the ſervice of your country, have made CHATHA
and CAMBDEN almoſt ſynonimous; and happy am
that, wiſhing to pay due reſpect to the memory of t
former, I receive this honorable occaſion to expreſs t
regard, with which I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted, obedien

and very humble ſervant,

London, June 2d, 1778. HENRY LUCAS

DEDICATION.

A

VISIT

FROM THE

SHADES.

I.

BY Heav'n's decree, releas'd from worldly care,
As guardian angels, to the bliſsful ſphere,
Immortal CHATHAM led!
Silent he paſs'd, ſurcharg'd with woe,
His country's ſorrows, which his fears foreſhow,
His gloomy ſoul o'erſpread!
His thoughts deep ſhadow'd with BRITANNIA's fate—
Which ſcarce the hand of *Time* can reinſtate—

Declin'd his hoary head!
And all to *Grief* addreſt,
Forth from his anguiſh'd breaſt,
Heart-rending throbs, in doleful accents, fled!

II.

The heavenly *Seraphs* round,
Attending with reſpect profound,
Halt frequent, wond'ring at this new delay!
For never mortal ſhade,
Thus courted to their bliſsful glade,
Had wiſh'd again to viſit human day;
Or, a new ſlave to care,
Would, voluntary, ſpare
A moment's ſigh to their terreſtrial clay;
While ſolemn, yet ſerene,
Regardleſs of each happy ſcene,
Great CHATHAM, ſilent, paſs'd the thoughtful way!

Thus

III.

Thus ſad, at the celeſtial gate
Arriv'd, the winged *Seraphs* wait,
The *Cherubim* attend!
Some, to his praiſe, divineſt *Paans* ſing,
While ſome their emblematic honors bring,
To crown his country's friend!
Some hail the bulwark of a ſinking age,—
Far as its griefs a mortal could aſſuage!—
While all their tribute lend!
And, with unfeigned Joy,
To bliſs without alloy,
For his reception their glad thoughts engage!

IV.

A mind leſs firm had yielded at the ſight,
All worldly cares ſubſiding in delight;
But fix'd the hero ſtood!
Collected ſtood, as when he hurl'd
BRITANNIA's thunder on a trembling world,
And aw'd St. LAURENCE' flood!

Where

Where champion WOLFE of ſettled mind,
And zeal ſurpaſſing human kind;
Each obſtacle defied!
And ſcorning *Fear's* alarms,
Rocks, cliffs and Gallic arms,
Immortalized by *Fame*, victorious died!

V.

Wild with amaze,
The *Seraphs*, gaze,
Pond'ring the ſtrange event!
When, as their zeal the grateful CHATHAM ſpied,
He glanc'd a ſmile, but ſtrait reflecting, ſigh'd,
Revolving his intent!
The burſting tear
Aſſuag'd his care,
While down his cheek the copious torrents flow;
At length the hero, eloquent, ſerene,
Unboſom'd thus the motive of his pain,
In feelings, which no guiſe of *Art* could ſhew!

" Known

VI.

" Known to your wiſdoms is BRITANNIA's ſtate,
" BRITANNIA, wav'ring in the ſcales of *Fate*,
" As long my fears impart!
" While pois'd my country ſtands, can I
" Partake the bleſſed joys on high,
" Theſe pangs around my heart?
" What tho' denied the ardour of my love,
" Again to eaſe its weight, its griefs remove,
" As once my ſtudied part!
" My CAMDEN lives, to him let me commend—
" CAMDEN, his country's ornament and friend,
" Above diſguiſe or art—
" The latent counſels, that remain
" In this all-anxious brain,
" So, my laſt duty paid, my cares ſhall end!

VII.

" And O, if patriot zeal can favour gain,
" Here let me bend, this gracious boon obtain,

" To glance at *Fate's* record!

" And, far as is allow'd to mortal ken,
" My willing ſhade, to earth return'd again,
" To CAMBDEN ſpeak the word!
" And as his faithful boſom ſhares,
" In all my counſels, all my cares;
" Aſſur'd, he ever will produce
" His efforts for the public uſe;
" Then ſhall my lighten'd ſoul, to peace reſtor'd,
" Enjoy th' untainted bliſs, your realms afford."

VIII.

This ſaid, he paus'd—the wond'ring *Seraphs* ſmile,
While fix'd aſtoniſhment their fears beguile,
Fears at ſo bold demand!
When *Euphrones*,* exalted high,
Among the *Cherubs* of the ſky,
Thus gave the great command!

" Intrepid Chief! tho' ne'er to mortal giv'n,
" To know the ſacred regiſtry of Heav'n,
" Yet to your patriot love—
" Which the admiring Gods approve!

" Far

" Far as indulgence can prevail,
" According with BRITANNIA's weal,
" As you return to earth, *Alethes** ſhall reveal!"

IX.

How then the Hero's boſom glow'd,
Speak ye, within whoſe veins has flow'd
The patriot fire confeſt!
How, when *Alethes*, heavenly bright,
Advancing with ſublime delight,
To his attendance, with fond ardor preſt!
Obeyſance, all reſpectful, paid,
Forthwith, the much-exulting ſhade
Avow'd the ſpecial grace;
Then to *Alethes* turn'd,
With his inſtructions all his boſom burn'd,
Forth as they journey'd from celeſtial ſpace!

X.

At earth arriv'd, what time the midnight hour
On *Care-worn* mortals, ſheds the thickeſt ſhow'r

Of

* *Alethes*, alſo derived from the Greek, means the

Of *Sleep's* refreshing dew!
And the clos'd curtain of the sight,
Envelop'd in the shades of *Night*,
No grief presents to view;
Save when terrific *Conscience*, wakeful *Care*,
Condemn the restless culprit to *Despair*,
His guilty crimes renew!
Not so they CAMDEN found,
Nor yet in *Somnus'* lap profound;
For, now and then, a silent start would creep
O'er ev'ry limb, and intercept his sleep.

XI.

Tho' clear conviction of an honest mind
Left not one self-rais'd, anxious thought behind,
To agonize his soul!
Yet his friend's loss, recurring still,
Would, oft, his startled senses thrill,
Sleep's balmy rest controul!
This CHATHAM mark'd, and eager cries,
"His country floats before his eyes!"

Then, pleas'd, the curtain drew!
And, as around each ſainted head,
A heav'nly radiance was beſpread,
CAMBDEN, awak'd, his great copartner knew,
To human form reſtor'd, more perfect to his view.

XII.

" Can I"—he cries—" believe nocturnal ſenſe!
" Relentleſs Death call'd much-lov'd CHATHAM hence,
" To grace the realms of light!
" How then, to this forſaken ſhore,
" Where all, in vain, his loſs deplore—
" Recall'd to bleſs my ſight!"—
" Attend"—the aweful ſhade replies—
" Forth from the regions of the ſkies,
" Behold your CHATHAM come!
" Granted, a while, by Heav'nly grace,
" To breathe his lateſt ſigh for ENGLAND's peace,
" And, as *Alethes* taught, to you reveal her doom."

Silence enſued; till with attention meet,
CAMBDEN, prepared, receives the ſolemn treat;
When thus his friend, from regiſtry above,
Imparts the counſel of *Alethes'* love!

" O learn, with *Truth*, comparative to view,
" In mental, retroſpective mirror true,
" How lordly *Vice* uſurp'd unrivall'd ſway,
" While ev'ry *Virtue* ſhrunk, abaſh'd, away;
" To trace corrupted *Nature* to her ſource,
" Her fall more rapid, as enlarg'd her courſe!
" And thence, aſcending nearer to our times,
" *Pandora-like*, diffus'd the gen'ral crimes!
" To ſee, in all the ſyſtems upon earth,
" How *Man* moſt deviates from his godlike birth;
" Degen'rates moſt from the award of *Heav'n*,
" As born to mock her, not for honor giv'n!
" To ſee, with tears of *Pity*, whence we find
" *Corruption* ſeize, and ſubjugate the mind!
" Till, all its noble faculties debas'd,
" [illegible] ſlighted, and diſgrac'd;

" While *Art* and *Mammon* occupy the Man,
" And fill the whole of his terreſtrial ſpan!

" Freely, dear Lord! to enter on debate,
" We muſt renounce all ſublunary ſtate!
" Let undiſtinguiſh'd manhood firſt appear,
" To critic judgment, in his native ſphere!
" Single, unfriended, fortuneleſs, and blind
" To ev'ry hope, but from th' enlighten'd mind!
" No courtly favor to extend its care,
" Or raiſe a worthleſs, 'cauſe a lordly heir;
" But vain diſtinctions, purchaſes of *Pride*,
" Caſt, like forgotten anceſtry, aſide!

" Diveſted thus, and rude from *Nature's* hand,
" See, how they roſe to greatneſs, to command!
" How thus, in ſweet ſimplicity bedight,
" Emerg'd to view, and charm'd the wond'ring ſight!
" From whence ſuperior love and honor flow'd,
" And worldly favors juſtly were beſtow'd!

" *Cardon*

" *Candour*, with *you*, I doubt not, will agree,
" Then all was *Nature*, undiſguis'd and free!
" Her ſacred pow'rs, expanded and improv'd,
" Made *Man* rever'd, reſpected, and belov'd;
" And *Virtue* only rais'd him to the height
" Of human dignity, and worldly ſtate!

" In proof—from *Hiſtory*, this truth we know,
" *Dictators* have been courted from the plow;
" And by their wiſdom, boon of *Nature's* care,
" Have rais'd their country from the laſt deſpair!
" For talk, at will, of documents of ſchool,
" All muſt accede to this unerring rule,
" No *Time* could make a *Genius* of a *Fool!*

" Hence, in the language of a great bequeſt,
" This virtuous principle was thus expreſt;
" *Digniori detur*—let deſert receive
" The honors, *Death* obliges me to leave;
" So may the arm of *Providence* alone
" Exalt the worthieſt to an empire's throne!

" Hence, in thoſe days of purity, we find
" Elective honors heap'd upon mankind:
" While *Virtue* challeng'd, and receiv'd regard,
" And human greatneſs was the ſure reward!

" Advance the retroſpect to nearer view,
" And mark the fatal evils, that enſue!
" Thro' artifice and blood, to *Nature's* ſhame,
" How ſoon, alaſs! thoſe envied honors came!
" When the rich villain roſe above his tribe,
" In greatneſs more, as more diffus'd the bribe;
" Till frighted *Virtue*, flying the diſgrace,
" Yielded to *Vice*, who revell'd in her place?

" If—and the bare ſuſpicion were a crime—
" You've mourn'd this ſad depravity of *Time!*
" Raiſed not above reflection, by your ſtate—
" The bane of many a worldly potentate—
" Miſleading ſenſe, bewilder'd and aſtray,
" As undeſign'd for *Reaſon's* happy ſway!—

" You, much lov'd Lord, will let your fancy range,
" And thus, with *Truth* and me, admit the change!

" Tho' erring *Man* the ſtars are apt to blame,
" 'Tis from himſelf he ſhould derive the ſhame,
" Nature was ever, and is ſtill the ſame!
" But he perverts the bleſſings, ſhe'd impart,
" And to *Corruption* yields his paſſive heart!
" And where *Corruption* only will attain
" Ambition's ſummit, or of *Pride*, or *Gain*;
" While ſhe diſperſes, with deſtructive charm,
" Thoſe fatal gifts, which *Virtue* can diſarm,
" And ev'ry ſuff'ring faculty alarm!
" All, from the nurſe, imbibe th' infectious ſin,
" And grow in practice, as it ſwells within.

" As from the fountain-head, and native ſource,
" The ſtream derives its quality and force,
" So, from the ſprings of action here below,
" Th' inferior claſſes draw ſucceſs, or woe!

" From

" From thence determine, in this worldly ſtrife,
" The various conduct of more humble life!
" Whence, from the higher orders, we muſt trace,
" A people's glory, or their foul diſgrace!
" Therefore, beſt ſuited to the preſent uſe,
" Their *chaſte* example, faithfully, produce!
" And for the period, when theſe evils flow,
" Place it at will—ſome *centuries* ago—
" For ALL *muſt grant*, it will *not anſwer* NOW!

" Firſt to the ſenate! mark that COURTIER's tongue,
" How ſoft it rolls, in gentle tides, along!
" How ſweet his praiſe!—*How excellent, approv'd,*
" *Each act of Miniſtry, ſo juſtly lov'd!*
" *What ſentiments of gratitude can pay*
" *The* NATION's *glory, in their upright ſway!*—

" Reverſe the picture—ſtrip him of his place—
" That loadſtone, which attracts with magic grace—
" Then, inſtant mark, how his all-clam'rous throat
" Rails, ev'n at MAJESTY, with loudeſt note!

" How

" How, in reflection from his jaundic'd ſight,
" He fancies ills, which ne'er ſhall come to light!
" How *bleeds* his heart, in his *wrong'd* Country's cauſe,
" Its rights *inſulted*, *violated* laws!
" Hark! how his *merit*, his *applauſes* loud,
" Are eccho'd by a dup'd, unthinking croud!
" For, give the wink, or ſhake his itching palm,
" His rage ſubſides, his *patriot* zeal grows calm;
" Inſtant transform'd, he wonders, that ſo long
" He gave his ſenſes to the vulgar throng,
" Whom *Paſſion*, *Prejudice*, not *Intereſt*, rules,
" And ſtamps them, as the progeny of *Fools*!

" If ſuch diſtinctions *ever* ſhould prevail,
" ENGLAND muſt vibrate in th' uncertain ſcale!
" No ſteady biaſs to direct its way,
" But by divided intereſts led aſtray!
" May happier fate my Country long betide,
" And all her children combat on her ſide!

" But

" But turn, my friend! ſee, crowding on the view,
" What deſp'rate ills, from GAMBLING, *may* enſue!
" And while th' unpitied *Bankrupt* mourns his fate,
" Be it mine, the public malady to ſtate.

" As, by th' eſtabliſh'd ſyſtem of the realm,
" The great and rich are join'd to guide the helm;
" *If* thoſe, who ſhould ſuſtain the pond'rous crown
" Of BRITAIN'S fame, and 'ſtabliſh her renown,
" By GAMBLING'S deſperate rage, make *wealth* deſcend
" To thoſe, unfit for ſuch a glorious end;
" Or, in beſotting riot, waſte their ſenſe,
" Adieu the hope of *Public Confidence!*
" Adieu the gen'ral good, the common weal!
" Shake but the baſe, th' appendages muſt fail!
" In vain the weaker parts oppoſe the ſtorm,
" In vain th' inferior claſſes hope reform!
" Like common paſſengers, beneath the blaſt,
" In hatches pen'd, until its rage be paſt;

" What tho' they murmur; to the *Pilot's* care,
" They muſt ſubmit the veſſel, and their fear!

" O could I clip the rapid wings of *Time*!
" I might unfold each other *poliſh'd* crime!
" The luſt of *Youth*, the avarice of *Age*;
" How canc'rous *Envy*, and how *Malice* rage!
" How ſtoops debas'd, inglorious as her views,
" The once-protected, and high-honor'd *Muſe*!
" How flouriſh'd proſtitutions, foul to name,
" Or blacker crimes, to *Man's* peculiar ſhame!
" But ſhort my term allow'd—O then attend
" The great concluſion, that alarms your friend!

" Once more, dear CAMBDEN! let th' hiſtoric page
" *Attention's* ſerious thoughts, awhile, engage!
" What tho' *Reflection* ſtarts a ſilent tear,
" What tho' the inference ſeems juſt, and clear,
" Thank BRITAIN's *Virtue's*—we have *nought* to *fear*!

" Therein

" Therein we learn; that *Nature*, much abus'd,
" The various ſprings of action all confus'd—
" Incapable ſuch treſpaſs to endure,
" Applies the final remedy, and cure;
" Reverts into herſelf, reforms th' abuſe,
" By humbling *Manhood* to his priſtine uſe;
" Reducing all the luxuries of ſtate,
" That urg'd his downfal, and provok'd his fate!

" Need we examples from the nations round,
" From firmer pillars, levell'd to the ground!
" Need we to inſtance ATHENS, SPARTA, ROME,
" Sunk, as in *Nature's* univerſal tomb!
" Where ſtrong *Corruption* undermin'd the baſe,
" And left, to *Grandeur*, ſcarce a ſingle trace!

" Concurring cauſes more inform the ſenſe,
" Which ſad examples, fatally, evince!
" Revolted *Provinces* have ever been,
" The ſure fore-runners of this aweful ſcene;

" One

" One common principle aſſign'd to all,
" For this prediction of their ſpeedy fall!

" Domeſtic *Anarchy*, *Miſrule*, and *Pride*,
" Muſt ſtalk abroad, with moſt gigantic ſtride,
" T' involve the diſtant nations in th' alarm,
" And raiſe *Rebellion's* ſelf-deſtroying arm;
" While *Nature* is invok'd to judge the ſtrife,
" And *Liberty* prefer'd to hated life!

" As in the body natural, we trace
" The ſeeds of its diſorders ſwell apace;
" Till forc'd to yield to their ſuperior ſway,
" Submitting to *Mortality's* decay,
" Again it turns into its native clay!
" So bodies politic, howe'er combin'd,
" By the beſt ſtudy of the human mind,
" Degen'rate grown, and for their fall compleat,
" Sink with the preſſure of *Corruption's* weight!

" Hence

" Hence, vain alluſion! no ſuch fears *we know*,
" *Vice* has no *friend*, nor *Virtue* HERE a *foe*,
" Then BRITAIN, ſleep ſecure, and mock the *diſtant woe!*

" To your diſcernment, need I more apply,
" Who've ſtudied *Nature* with ſo pure an eye!
" Then to conclude—and may my fervor true
" Give equal pleaſure to mankind, as you!—

" *If* ſuch a time *ſhould* come, to anguiſh giv'n—
" As from the juſtice of offended *Heav'n*—
" If CHATHAM's zeal, not now, I truſt, unknown,
" Might bend, all-awe ſtruck, to th' immortal throne;
" Thus, to the tender Majeſty on high,
" For BRITAIN, he'd preſent his lateſt ſigh!"

" O grace indulgent, full of mercy, ſpare
" Your once-lov'd nation, from th' alarm of *Care!*

" In each eſtate, religiouſly, improve
" The ſenſe of danger, and their country's love!
" Let not inſidious FRANCE her banners wave,
" And ENGLAND's Majeſty, unpuniſh'd, brave!
" But, O great parent of this ſea-girt iſle,
" Give them to know, and to defeat her guile!
" Make union flouriſh, in each ruler's breaſt,
" While, to the *public good*, each thought 's addreſt!
" No more diſtracted counſels rend the ſtate,
" But, as one man, ſupport its falling weight;
" So may thy Grace, deſcending to the heart,
" Confound the ſchemes of *Intereſt*, or *Art!*
" Then, and then only, may we hope to ſee
" BRITANNIA's glory, with her people, free!"

This ſaid; the op'ning twilight of the day,
Compell'd *Alethes* to rebuke his ſtay;
Who, to prevent the anguiſh of *Adieu*,
Sleep's tranquil curtain over CAMBDEN drew.

CHATHAM ſubmits, and flitting into air,
Both, to the regions of the bleſt, repair;
Thither return'd, the whole celeſtial train,
With *Harmony's* divineſt, ſweeteſt ſtrain,
Salute the hero, e'vry wiſh compleat,
And, till eternity ſhall ceaſe, in heav'nly tranſport great.

END OF THE POEM.

AN

EPITAPHIAL INSCRIPTIO

TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM PIT

EARL OF CHATHAM.

Who, to the Nation's grief, reſigned mortalit

11th of May, 1778.

" WHENCE * are thoſe tears? no more! rejoice, rejoice
" To CHATHAM's victory, exalt your voice!
" CHATHAM, by DEATH recall'd to heav'nly bliſs,
" Pride of that ſphere, as once the Sun of this!
" CHATHAM, the Patriot, Stateſman, Friend ſincere,
" Whoſe Country's glory challeng'd all his care!

---

* As epitaphial inſcriptions ſhould correſpond with the figures of the M
it appeared proper to ſketch the Author's deſign, ſuitable to the preſent o

o his sov'reign, as the people, true,
bright sway low-humbled GALLIA knew!
from contempt of fortune; his great soul
ts debas'd, no riches could controul?
nts there a trophy more to CHATHAM's fame?
d this breathing marble's full acclaim!
BRITAIN's states, conjoin'd, this tribute raise,
d pledge of Gratitude, and Praise.

Monument is supposed to represent BRITANNIA attended by *Liberty*, &c. &c. in tears, lamenting the death of Lord Chatham, a capital figure ter.—On the opposite side, are angels with their emblematic honors (as in the third stanza of the Poem). Foremost among them, ALETHES or the *Truth*, solacing BRITANNIA, &c's. grief; and supposed to speak the taphial lines. Should the idea be honored with approbation, any curtail- ange of measure, &c. that may be thought proper, can easily be made.

THE END.